

LYRICS OF THE DAY.

Sing no more of Paul,
Let him slumber if he can,
By the old sea-bird's nest,
Where he died.

THE WIDOW'S ACRES.

John Bent was said to be the stingiest man in Adams County, if not in the whole State.

His family were objects of sympathy in the neighborhood because of his close dealings with them.

They tried to hide his faults from the public, but that was impossible, as there were too many tokens on every side to reveal the true condition of affairs.

John Bent had three large adjoining farms, which he designated as No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3, but nothing went into his house that could be disposed of for money.

His wife, in character, was just the reverse. She was generous to a fault, and social and frank; the neighbors loved and pitied her, but they seldom came to the house lest they should meet the stern master, who had charged his wife over and over again "not to allow the neighbors to be loafing around the premises picking up things."

One evening in the early spring there came a woman leading a little girl toward the house, John Bent met her on the porch.

"What do you want? Why are you here on my premises?"

"I wish to know if you will sell the lot where the old stone house stands?"

"Well, now, that's a question, I might sell if I could get enough for it. Land is very dear here; I am not selling an acre—don't want to sell land."

The words sent the blood to her face and a feeling of disappointment to her heart, and she turned away as though she was about to leave him, which alarmed him, for he really did want to sell that bit of worthless land.

"Perhaps," he said, with some show of friendliness, "you would think it cheap?"

"There is not much of value there, is there?"

"There are two acres."

"Two acres of stone and rubbish." "If it was good land I would not sell at all."

"How much would it cost to clear away all that stone and rubbish do you suppose?"

"Not much, and there is not an acre around here that is not worth \$100. I'll sell that place, about two acres, for \$200."

Her heart leaped high as he said that—only \$200 for the old homestead—but she stood still as though she was about to say no.

"As there will be some cost in clearing out the rubbish I'll say \$175. Do you pay all cash down?"

"Yes, if I take it."

After some hesitation on her part she agreed to take the place, and it was arranged that he should meet her at Lawyer Bryant's the next day at noon.

poor woman who is earning her bread in a store? Haven't you got enough?" "That shows what you know about business," he answered, petulantly. "If you had the management of affairs you would soon land us all in the poor-house."

The wife's cheeks burned with righteous indignation. She had often remonstrated with him over his little mean ways in the early years of their married life, but years had passed since she had ventured a word of reproof.

The picture of that sad-faced woman dressed in black, holding the hand of her beautiful little child, was a strong appeal to her generous sympathies, and her indignation had broken through all bounds and found expression in words. Her heart was very sore. Only that day a letter had come to her from her oldest boy, who had run away from home when he was only twelve years old. It had come to her through one of her neighbors, and the secret of news from her precious boy was locked up in her own heart.

"Oh, mother, your poor Dan is homesick. How I want to see you all, but I'll never come home while father lives. He is too stingy to live as he ought to. I'm sorry for you all."

The tears had blinded her eyes while she read, and the sense of the injustice of his treatment of her and her children had given her courage to speak, and for the first time in her life she answered hotly:

"I would rather live in a poor-house with my children than to own great farms and have my children driven from me. Sarah is going to go out to work to earn clothing—she wants to be decently dressed, but she is not strong and she will soon break down."

The last words ended in a sob, and Mr. Bent thrust his hands down deep in his pockets and walked away.

In the meantime Mrs. Wayland was on her way to the village. The road to the town passed the old homestead that Mr. Bent called a pile of old rubbish.

"Oh, Ethel, darling, how glad I am—the place will be our very own, and we will have a home."

Her little girl 6 years old lifted her mother's hand to her lips and kissing it passionately, said:

"Oh, mamma, I am glad, and there will be roses and pinks and pears and everything."

"Yes, darling, everything." Tears of joy were in the mother's eyes, for only a short time before that she had carefully examined the place in company with a stone mason, and he had assured her that the walls could be mended and made as good as new, and at very little cost.

The bargain was consummated the next day and the deed recorded at once.

Mr. Bent was astonished a few days afterwards to see carpenters and stone masons at work, putting in new beams and repairing the walls, and workmen clearing the cellar and cleaning the walks. At first he chuckled. "If that silly woman has no more sense than to waste money on those old ruins, no one is to blame but herself."

But when the walls were nicely mended, and the stones pointed with dark green mortar, and the roof was on, and the new windows and doors put in, and the grounds put in order, he knew that Mrs. Wayland had the best of the bargain. The house now was not a pile of stones and rubbish, but a stately and elegant mansion. His wrath knew no bounds. He said openly and boldly that she had gotten the property under false pretences. She had not told him that she was going to repair the building or he never would have sold it to her at that price.

He became so unhappy over the matter at last that he went to see Mrs. Wayland, hoping to frighten her into selling it back to him.

"Mrs. Wayland," he said, with great severity, "you deceived and cheated me when you bought the old place. You did not tell me that you had visited the place, and had it examined by a stone mason, and an estimate of the cost of repairs made by masons and carpenters. You had no business on my grounds—you were trespassing on my premises, for which I will make you pay well, unless you are willing to sell the place to me on the same terms on which you bought it. I am willing to pay the money back and to settle with the workmen."

Wrs. Wayland was startled, but she soon recovered her self-composure and answered him with some spirit: "I do not wish to sell the place; I expect to live in that house myself."

"I warn you that the title is not good, and you had better get your money back while you can. The title is not worth a cent. If the proper heirs come you will lose all you put into it."

Mrs. Wayland turned pale. What if that was the truth and she should lose the property and the money she was putting into it. But in a moment or two she recalled the words of her grandfather, that the title went back to the old colonial times without a break and could never be questioned.

"Mr. Bent," she answered, "I will risk the title. I was born in that house. I've heard my grandfather say that the title could never be questioned."

"Who are you? What was your grandfather's name?" "I am Mary Wayland; my mother was a Wardell; my grandfather's name was John Wardell."

"Are you the daughter of Eli Moore by his first wife?" "Yes."

"Great heavens!" Then recollecting himself, he added, "It's all right; you can keep the property, I will not disturb you," and he hastened away. But Mrs. Wayland was more troubled than she cared to confess, and she went to her lawyer and asked him to look up the title.

He has no doubt cheated somebody out of it; he is a mean old skunk," was the lawyer's rough comment.

A few days afterwards the lawyer rushed into the store where she was employed and hurriedly questioned: "How many children had your grandfather?"

"Only one child—my mother." "How many children had your mother?"

"Only one—I am her only child. She died when I was 12 years old—soon after the death of my grandfather."

"Who was Eli Moore?" "He was my father; he married again and moved from this place; he used to live at the stone house."

"You are about 30 years old?" "Yes, sir."

"It is all clear, now; I congratulate you, Mrs. Wayland; you are the legal heir, not only to the two acres, but to the Bent farm No. 1, the best farm he has. Your father sold it to Bent when you were a minor, as your guardian, without legal right, and Bent knew it."

It soon became known in the neighborhood that farm No. 1, belonged by right to Mrs. Wayland, and steps were taken by her lawyer to place her in possession of the property.

At first Mr. Bent was furious, then he became melancholy. "All is gone! All is gone!" he would moan in the most pitiable manner, for he was on the verge of insanity.

The physicians recommended a sea voyage, and he was placed in charge of a young physician who enticed him to New York, and got him on board of a vessel about to sail to South America. They were absent one year, when he returned a changed man. He was still stingy, but he had lost his grip on the farms and had been thrown out of the old ruts. During his absence he had entered into extensive enterprises in South America, the carrying out of which required all his whole time, and took him from home a large part of the year.

Dannie came home to his mother, and Mrs. Bent managed the farms so well that her husband never again tried to grasp the reins.

In the meantime Mrs. Wayland had taken possession of her heritage and had deeded to Mrs. Margaret Bent the two acres of land on which stood the house and barn, garden and orchards, so that she was living in her own house when her husband came home. And although the house had been well furnished during his absence, and the family well clothed with the money from the products of the two farms left, he made no comment.

The old Wardell place, with its spacious rooms and wide walls and beautiful grounds, had become one of the most desirable places in the neighborhood.

Hamilton Bent, a generous, noble son of John Bent's, afterward married Ethel Wayland, and everybody said it was a most suitable match, and the two mothers were greatly pleased that the families were thus united.—Auntie Wittenmyer, in Home and Farm.

For Literary Aspirants. You have found that you cannot gain a livelihood by telling the love story of Jack and Jill; there are so many of these tales that some must go to the wall. Take a practical view of the situation, then, and see what you can do in another field.

Among the most lucrative employments for writers, nowadays, is that found in the service of manufacturers of soap, patent medicines or other "proprietary" articles in which there is large profit or which must be kept constantly in the public mind, because of the competition which similar articles offer. There are men and women of fine attainments who have free swing to write what they please and how they please provided matter and style are such as to attract attention and thus spread information concerning this baking powder or that sewing machine. For such services well-redded writers are in demand; but besides their stores of learning or their knowledge of literature they must also have the faculty of turning to account anything they may know or may chance to hear or see. Success awaits those who can so adroitly combine an eclipse and a new freak in furniture or associate other incongruous matters that the advertisement is not at once apparent. The generic name for those who are employed in these tasks is "Business writers." Very likely, as in every other occupation, many are called, but few are chosen. For the chosen, however, the pay is generally liberal.

Origin of Chess Terms. Few chess players could guess the origin of one of the most important terms in their game. The word "chess" is said to be a corruption of the Arabic word "sheikh," meaning chief or king. The game came westward by way of Persia, where the word sheikh becomes shah. It was the game of the king. The term "check" is merely to give notice that the king is attacked, and "check-mate" means "the king is dead, the verb 'mata' being from the same root as the Spanish matador, the slayer of the bull. The word check, whether verb or noun, may be traced through several curious ramifications back to the Persian and Arabic. Even the word exchequer is curiously tangled up in this verbal network.—New York Sun.

After a woman passes a certain age, the word "love," when used in any other connection than with her affection for her children, becomes ridiculous.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Farmers Should Indulge in Periods of Observation—A Bank Wall House for Poultry—Keeping Apples—General Hints on Horticulture.

Keep Out of the Ruts.

Farmers, as a class, are very apt to get into ruts and to keep in them, says an exchange. They get into the habit of doing certain things every day, and it seldom occurs to them that it might be a good thing to change. They are not, however, so constituted differently from other people, and there is no good reason why the farmer, and especially his wife and daughters, should not be helped by an occasional outing as much as the dwellers in cities. It is true that the farmer's success depends largely upon the daily personal care of his stock and his crops, and that it is rather more difficult for him to leave his cares in charge of others than for most men of business. Still it is not in any means impossible to arrange matters in such a way as to leave home for a few days occasionally. Perhaps neighbor Jones would be willing to change work with you for a few days and see that your work is well done, or perhaps you have a son who would be made to feel more manly if you left him in charge of things. It may help him to learn to love a farmer's life, if you give him the reins once in a while and let him try his hand at driving.

A Bank Wall Poultry House.

This building is 10x20 ft. with 7 ft. posts in front, a 3 ft. wall and 4 ft. posts in the rear. The doors at the ends should be boarded up and entrance made to the two rooms from the hallway, which may be used as a hatching-room. Still better abolish all doors in front and enter through an end door. The following engraving shows the interior arrangement. The hatching room may be used to

Good Fences and Breeds Cattle.

It is to many a matter of wonder why cattle should show an instinctive desire to get into the next field. But if we consider that the next field always has a crop of very inviting corn, or small grain, or splendid grass to be cut for hay, the wonder ceases. Cattle are much like humans in their behavior; we all want to trespass on forbidden ground, and the greater the difference between that and our own quarters, the stronger our will to get there. If grazing stock is put on first rate pasture, as it should be, there is no desire to break out. Pasture must be cultivated as well as plow land. All bare spots must be scratched up with a harrow and seeded to grass, and the whole field kept as nice and clean as a lawn. Prevention is better than cure, and it is no great trick to teach a cow to behave herself.

Variation in Quality of Fruit.

Fruits of the same nominal kind often differ much in quality. It has been supposed by some within a few years that as most fruits are now grafted or budded, such variation in quality may depend on the original stock. But it is certain that so much depends on soil, access to sunshine, and other conditions that little room remains for other factors. Manuring heavily with stable manure injures fruit quality. These are mainly nitrogenous, and they cause an excess of sap that the leaves cannot wholly assimilate. Excessive manuring with some mineral that injures the roots may also cause injury to or entire destruction of the leaf, in which case the fruit is worthless. A barrel of lime carelessly emptied near a plum tree in midsummer carried such excess of salt to the leaves that they all fell off, while the half-grown plums remained on the tree, but never increased in size, and when bitten into gave a distinct salty taste in addition to that natural to green plums.

Peppermint Oil as a Crop.

Twenty pounds of peppermint oil per acre is considered a fair yield, but the yield is often greater. The producer realizes from two to four dollars per pound for his crop, which is better by far than any grain crop would yield, and it must also be remembered that this revenue is derived from lands which a short time ago were considered a wilderness and well-nigh worthless. St. Joseph county (Michigan) last year's crop of peppermint oil sold at ten dollars a pound and made the nice total of \$40,000 for the growers of the herb. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of such land in the Southern part of the same State that lie unclaimed, only waiting for intelligent and industrious cultivators of the soil, who have a little capital to be laid out in drainage when they will yield abundant harvests of this and other crops. The expense of drainage is the main one to be met, and this is not great when results are considered.—Western Rural.

Hang a Gate to a Tree.

Bore a hole through the tree above the top rail of the gate with a 1 1/2 or 2 inch auger. Get young hickory of the size of auger, split it, take one half, bend it around the upright of gate, then pass the ends through the tree as shown, drive a wedge between ends. The lower end of upright acts as a pivot in the notch of spur root, or in impression made in stone buried there.

The tree is not injured, and soon heals up, holding it more secure. It will last as long as an iron hinge and cannot pull off or come out, until wanted out. It can be renewed without making new holes, as in the case of iron rings.—Practical Farmer.

Effect of the Sun on Soil.

"Experiments made at the Maine Agricultural Station," says the Mirror and Farmer, "shows that the soil responds readily to the daily heat of the sun to the depth of three inches, less readily to the depth of six inches. In a moderate degree only to the depth of nine inches, and very slightly below twelve inches. To the depth of three inches the range between the morning and the midday observations has been as high as fifteen degrees.

Concerning Weeds.

The following excellent suggestion is from the Baltimore American: "There are a large number of farmers' clubs throughout the country, and a great deal might be done by hanging a weed chart upon the walls of these halls, where farmers gather from time to time for mutual improvement and a better understanding of the ways and means of a more profitable agriculture. Weeds have been neglected in more ways than one, and just so far as they are overlooked and left to themselves, the

greater will be the curse. As we look over the premium lists of our thousands of county and State fairs, we seldom see a prize offered for the best collection of weeds. It seems incompatible with our fitness of things to have a good collection of anything that is bad, and yet the fact remains that there is no class of plants about which an increase of knowledge is more imperative than those same ugly weeds. A few dollars expended in awards by each fair association would bring together lists of plant pests, the exhibition of which would not only surprise, but greatly instruct those who see them. It is not less important for the farmers of any district to know of the arrival of a new weed than of the advent of a new fruit or grain.

A Good Corn Knife.

Take the big end of an old hand-saw, and take off old handle, saving the screws. Make handle any length desired, and screw on, then grind back of saw sharp and you have the best corn knife.

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It was once thought that not necessary to grow. Since then it has been found that plant ever grew that did not.

CAREFULLY saw off broken of fruit trees, sharp-knife smooth as possible, then with any common paint, serves the wood, and starting at that point.

Housekeeping Notes.

NEVER butter your pie dredge them lightly with flour.

To SCOUR knives easily a quantity of baking soda and brick dust.

To STONE raisins easily, boiling water and let them a short time.

To TEST butter, prick it with a pin, and if they are punctured, it will instantly spread and become rancid.

Put salt on the clinkers of stove or range while they are after raking down the fire, will remove them.

Wet boots and shoes from shrinking out of shape, drying, if, as soon as taken are tightly stuffed with sawdust. These form a sort of rubber boots are thoroughly dry.

SOME good housekeeping lemons wash and dry thoroughly, and then put those not needed soon into the larder, having the fruit in the say that lemons will stand for a long time.

VEAL "goes farther" than especially the fillet, being meat. The remainder after will make a pie, with a slice ham or bit of boiled salt pork, the outlets enough will gain for a small dinner on breakfast, to be perhaps by eggs or broiled bacon.

FISH that is to be fried laid in a cloth to lose moisture, then rolled in the corn meal. Those likely liable to break must be beaten egg, then in crumbs, in which it is fried, which lard, butter, or oil, must be All fried fish should be with parsley.

To MAKE piecrust flaky crust when rolled out for the pie with a thin layer of Dredge with flour, and mix with the crust as usual. For the oven, tip the pie holding it in the left hand, over the pie a glass of cold water, will stick to the bottom into the crust while baking it flaky.

Mercurianus Recipes.

STEAMED OATMEAL.—Half of oatmeal and one quart of water; put in a two-quart pot over one quart of water; put in a steamer for two hours. Do not remove during this time.

LEMONS.—Put melted butter (one cup) and quantity of sugar, stir it cold. Grate the rind of a lemon and add to it eight eggs and the juice of two lemons together and bake with around the edges of dish.

ICE.—Break one egg and fill with sweet milk; half a cup of yeast, half a cup of sugar, one make soft dough; flour, non and nutmeg; let rise light, then mold into balls; currants; let rise a second time.

GRAMM GEMS.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of flour, one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of lard, one cup of butter, one cup of shortening, one cup of baking powder, one cup of salt. Beat well together, grease the tins, and bake in oven.

HONEY DROPPERS.—One cup cold boiled honey, smooth, one quart of milk, one cup of salt, stir in, add one cup of flour, into been well mixed a teaspoonful of powder; lastly, add that have been well immediately after mixing.

Elice Culture.

The best rice is that of Carolina, where the rice trenches, which are apart, and flooded to a depth of six inches. The water is in and later, the fields are to kill the weeds. The water to stand nearly ten days, and is not again removed until the grain is almost ready to be harvested. Most of the rice also in China, the rather than the plains, irrigated that often the greatest difficulty that weeded on account of some districts canals, the hillsides. It is cultivated in Ceylon, which requires dry, which placed under water, which of North America, which for market are South Georgia. Rice will not north as Minnesota. It use there is Canadian, which grows abundantly, west, in miry places, and margin of the lakes, height of seven or eight long and narrow seed bed, long meal of which the food.—Inter Ocean.

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